

HOT DOG

THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY

DECEMBER 1922

PRICE
TWO BITS



SECRETS

STORIES OF LIFE AND LOVE

Jack Dinsmore, editor

December, 1922

-

25c



Be sure to buy a copy at the
news stand, when you buy this.



JACK DINSMORE, Editor

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VOL. 2

DECEMBER, 1922

NO. 3



Introducing the Latest Addition to The Hot Dog Staff

MR. ETHELBERT PEABODY WATERS

The HOT DOG Poet



Ethelbert lives in Greenwich Village and he loves Art better than anything in the world, except talcum powder.

Everything he does is TOO GOOD FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

He believes in Free Verse, Free Love, Free Trade, Free Speech—but not Free Beer.

He does nothing that will appeal to the common rabble; his work is an expression of his Soul. One of the greatest critics in Southern Oklahoma has called Mr. Peabody Waters "The Heel with the Soul."

Ethelbert's verse is all free—so is his lunch.

The following is his latest masterpiece, inspired while Ethelbert was taking a bath in toilet water:

A FUNEREAL FREE VERSE

Inspired to my soul while contemplating an appointment
with the Dentist.

It's easy to smile and be happy

When Life is a bright, sunny wreath,

But the man worth while is the man who can smile

Just after he's lost his front teeth.

LITTLE IGNATZ TELLS US

"I bought my girl a new set of teeth and she bit me!"

Ethelbert Peabody Waters, Hot Dog Poet, will now sing that lovely strain entitled "The Boys Call Sambo Captain Because He Has Charge of All the Vessels."

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

If you were sitting on a red hot poker and your head was in a lion's mouth, which way would you shove?

A ROUGHNECK IS A GUY WHOSE NECK IS SO DIRTY HIS COLLAR WON'T FIT.

Mr. Dingleberry is so dumb he thinks Julius Caesar was a kidnaper.

Overheard in the Wash Room

By Ray Atteberry

**ATTABOY BROADCASTS THE LATEST LOW DOWN
ON THE BROADS**

(Substituting for Mr. Balzoff's Series Entitled "Overheard in
the Ladies' Dressing Room." Mr. Balzoff
is Drunk This Month.)



CONCERT NO. 1

"She's sure the Monkey's Mittens for looks but I can't
give you no written guarantee about anything else "

.

"Did the stuff make her sick? Say, I had to slip the
taxi driver an extra deuce on account of her missing the win-
dow on several occasions "

"After the dance we played strip poker until the girls had lost everything but their sense of humor."

. . . .

"She's one of those kind of broads that you can have fun with and still you ain't ashamed to take her out in company either."

. . . .

"She should be insulted. If any other broad had pulled that on me, I would have made her walk back."

. . . .

"That's what you get for stepping out with the kindergarten."

. . . .

"I haven't got a worry on my mind. I'm going with a widow now."

. . . .

"That's all right; you're taking an awful chance even if he does work nights."

. . . .

"She's an old timer; she worked another friend of mine on the same gag."

. . . .

"I won't tell you a thing. You'll have to find out for yourself, Harry."

SIGN IN A GREEK RESTAURANT:

Don't kick about our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day.

HE WHO CAN EAT HASH WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE MUST HAVE A HEART FULL OF PITY.

Preachers' Salaries and Blue Laws

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore



Healthy human beings like you and myself never understand just what kind of a disease the Blue Law Passion is, and how these Constipated Blatherskites contract it.

You wonder just what is the cause when the Rev. Dr. Bilgewater of your town starts an agitation to padlock the movie show on Sundays and take away your cigarette and glass of beer on week days.

Prof. Joel Rinaldo on another page of this issue of HOT DOG gives you a scientific explanation.

But I can give you my guess based on everyday observation of the common or garden variety of preacher.

If there are half a dozen sons in a family it is always the slowest and stupidest one who goes into the pulpit business.

This is a field that would never attract a live wire or regular fellow because it is so GROSSLY UNDERPAID.

As a result the denominational sky-pilot is always a

starved and envious Bag of Bones who has never had a chance to live.

His reaction is that he wants to prevent everybody else from living.

Students of mass human nature know that the weak who cannot equal the strong always desire to weaken the strong so as to bring them down on a par with themselves.

That is my explanation of the pestilential Blue-law movement that is afflicting our America.

What do you think?

SUSPICIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

"Young man, good looking, established position, would like board in private family, which includes pretty unmarried daughter, about twenty."

"Furnished room to let to man only. Proprietor is widow. No reasonable offer refused."

"Young woman, single, pretty, would like position as private secretary to aged millionaire, unmarried. No objection to extreme old age!"

A woodpecker lit on Ignatz's head
And settled himself to drill.
He bored away for half a day
And finally broke his bill.

A Gentleman is one who doesn't have to prove it.

FROM THE CLEVELAND SUNDAY STAR

An enjoyable time was had by all last Friday night at the christening of Baby Jimpson on Berg Ave. The baby was the only one to escape injury. Three of the guests died from drinking hooch, ten were taken to hospitals with cracked heads, four were slashed with knives and eight were locked up for disturbing the peace.

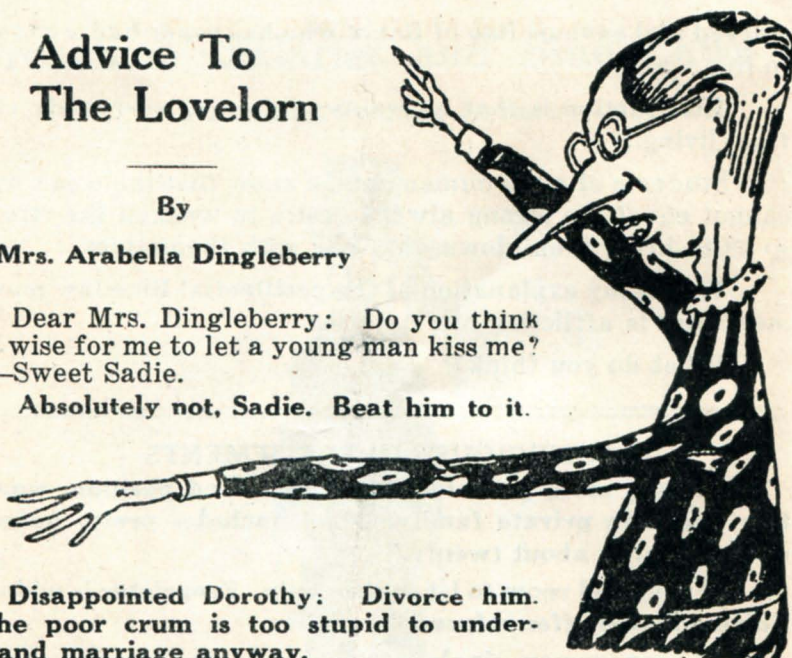
Advice To The Lovelorn

By

Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Do you think it wise for me to let a young man kiss me?
—Sweet Sadie.

Absolutely not, Sadie. Beat him to it.



Disappointed Dorothy: Divorce him.
The poor crum is too stupid to understand marriage anyway.

.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I am being urged by the Woman's Club of my town to run for mayor on a wet platform. Shall I do it?—Ambitious Agnes.

Yes, Agnes, but be sure you don't slip.

.

Anxious Alice: Not a cent less than ten dollars!

.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Did a man ever kiss you un-
awares?—Inquisitive Inez.

No Dear. But lots of them think they have.

.

Lovelorn Lettie: Take my advice and don't go on a
yachting or an aeroplane trip with him.

.

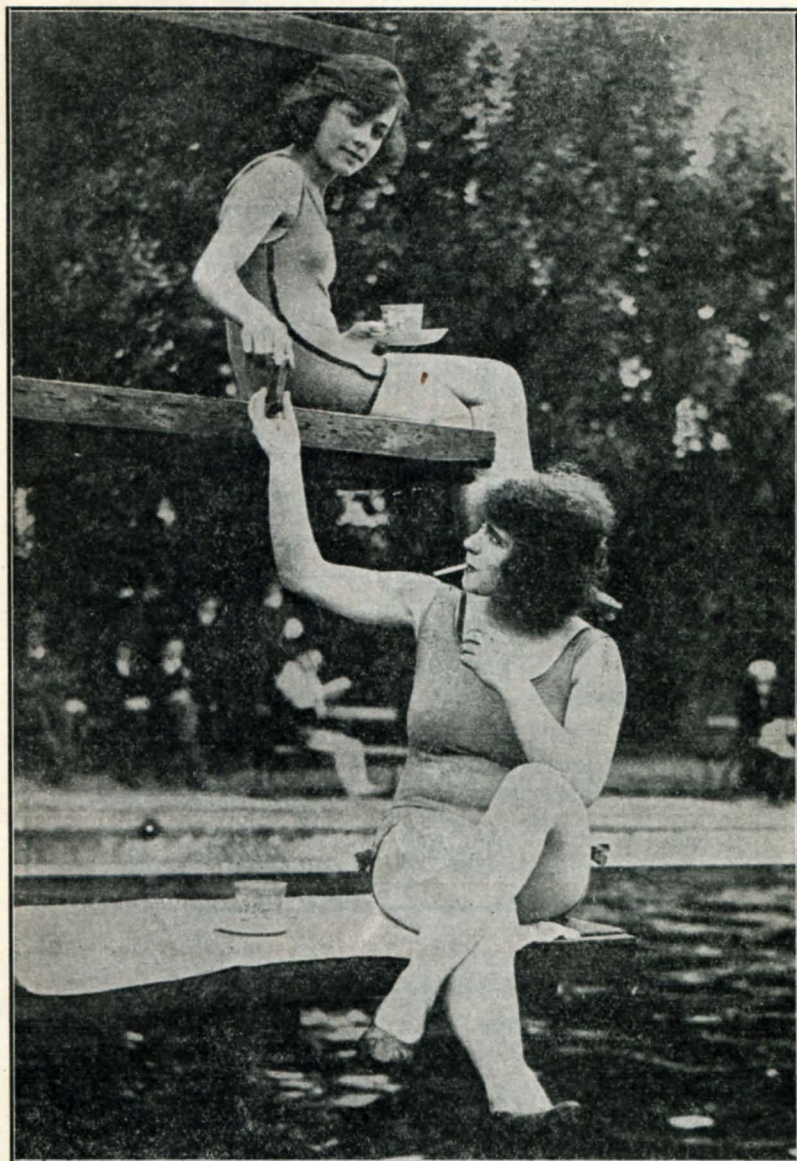
Sweet Sixteen:

Answer to Question No. 1: Sometimes.

Answer to Question No. 2: Perhaps.

Answer to Question No. 3: Positively not!

THE ENGLISH MUST HAVE THEIR TEA



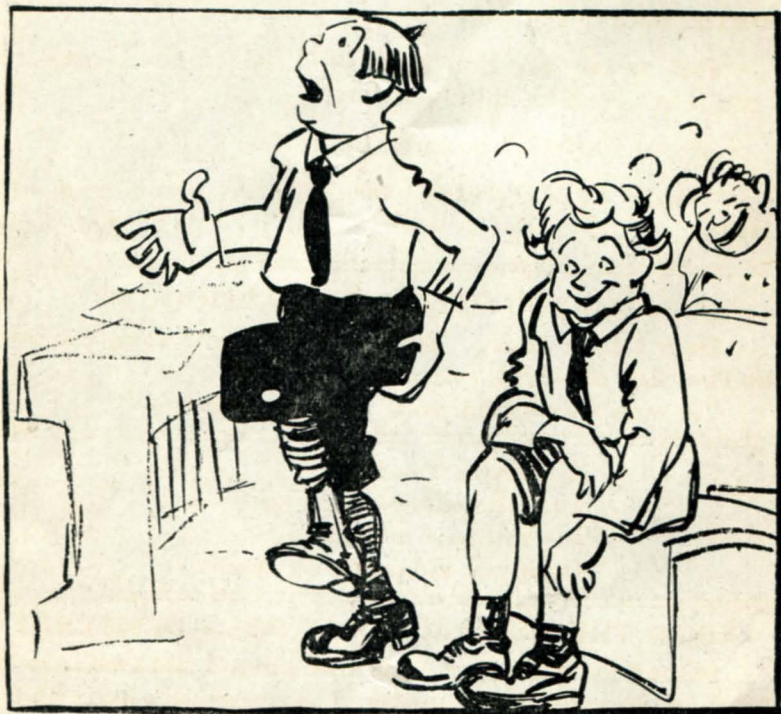
(c) International

These two Brittanic beauties were snapped while resting from a dive into a ducal pool at Chiswick.

Cornelius Kraut Again

Cornelius Kraut, the Councilman's dirty darling, has started school again.

Cornelius is eight years old and has been in the first grade since he was five.



I am told that the other day, the teacher was giving Cornelius and the other hopefuls history.

"Ignatius O'Shannon," inquired the teacher of one of the scholars, "who was the greatest man in the world?"

"George Washington," replied Ignatius right quick.

Many a goof who thinks he is a wisecracker is only a gingersnap.

"Wrong," said the teacher. "Patrick Michalowitz, you tell me who was the greatest man in the world."

"Abraham Lincoln." replied Patrick

"Wrong again."

Then Teacher got to Cornelius.

"Cornelius," she oozed, "you tell the class who was the greatest man in the world."

Just as the question was asked, Kid Michalowitz stuck a pin into Cornelius' hindquarters.

"Jesus Christ!!" hollered Cornelius.

"That's right," said the teacher, "go to the head of the class."

CAN YOU HELP THIS READER OUT?

Dear Editor Jack: Where can I get the complete poem, the first line of which runs:

"A man's ambition must be pretty small—"

Her name was Irene
And she wore crepe de chene.
But you saw more Irene
Than you did crepe de chene.

FROM THE MINERAL POINT (Wis.) DEMOCRAT

Moved by Alderman Sims and carried unanimously that the chief of police be empowered to purchase a pair of trousers for uniform.

Helen is neat, and Blanche is sweet
And Goldie's a hit alright.
Flossie is pretty and Maggy is witty
BUT VI CAN FORGET OVER NIGHT!

SOME MEN GO TO THE ART MUSEUM TO SATISFY
THEIR SENSE OF BEAUTY OTHERS TO REFRESH
THEIR RECOLLECTIONS

A Farewell

Ay, smooth your hair for another lover,
 Refold the satin, restraining the pearls.
Lest those who will take my place discover,
 Discolored tints and disheveled curls.

Lift up those delicate lips that mine
 Reddened with kisses but yesterday.
Let others drink the dregs of the wine
 We two have tasted and flung away.

Yet what am I that my song should shame you,
 What strength have I, that I call you weak?
Ah, Love alone has the right to blame you
 And He is a God and will not speak.

One thing there is yet to be glad of; Fate
 In making us one has not left us three.
No child shall inherit our love's estate
 To be false like you or forlorn like me.

Oh, fitful passion and frenzied hours
 That now are utterly passed away,
Dead and forgotten as last year's flowers
 And all sweet things that have had their day.

—Laurence Hope.

MURIEL SPRING



(c) Wide World

A young stage favorite, who recently insured her nether extremities for \$100,000. Little Ignatz, the Hot Dog Shipping Clerk, tells me he don't think the figure too high.

Are Chorus Girls on the Square?

By C. S. Montayne

A Blue Moose by the name of Bill Shakespeare once tossed off a mean eruption entitled *The Merchant of Venus* which featured a party known as Skylark and dragged down big dough for Bill.

Another Wazo named Wellington Winch spent twenty-six years of his life tossing off masterpieces at night and



couldn't give them away. The difference between these two authors was a hundred and fifty years more or less.

By day Wellington Winch worked on a newspaper known as the "Morning Bun." For wearing out six pairs of shoes a week he was insulted with sixteen paper crinklers every Saturday night.

The advantage of the salary was that none of his friends

**Tony Zebatski, the Hot Dog artist, calls his wife Ford—
not much to look at, but the service is good**

ever believed he was leading a double life or taking women around like a regular rounder.

One morning when Wellington Winch showed up for work, the City Editor, a man famous for his ability and the dirty shirts he wore, had Winch summoned into his presence.

"The Saturday night magazine supplement requires a special article," the C. E. stated. "The title of it will be 'Are Chorus Girls On The Square?' Jackson, who knows more about them than their own mothers, was out with a boot-legger last week and is still in the hospital. I'm sending you out on the assignment. Do you think you can handle it?"

"I can handle anything except watermelon and keep my ears dry," Winch replied modestly.

The City Editor grunted.

"Then snap out and introduce yourself to some chorine. Grab off her life story and hurl it on the typewriter. When you're finished let me have it. Do your stuff now and make it snappy."

The next night Wellington Winch had picked out his victim. She answered to the name of Angeline St. Clair. She contributed two good reasons for seeing her show which was called The Nonsense of 1923.

Angeline had a figure that would have made the Sultan of Turkey burn up his harem. She wore golden curls and orchid color underwear. She had red lips full of rouge and passion and startling blue eyes. If there was music in the rustle of a skirt there were six or seven grand operas tied up in every costume Angeline wore.

She was the kind that drove men to the river!

When Wellington Winch had definitely decided on the astounding Angeline, he pulled a Nifty. First he bribed the stage doorman at the Folly Theatre with six dollars and forty cents and a half a package of Egyptian Taxis cigarettes for

When her toes cease to be rosebuds, the honeymoon is over.

her address. When he had it he figured Angeline wouldn't want to toss off her life story after a hard night in the show shop and so breezed up to her apartment the following morning at the hour of ten.

The building was located in that section of idiotic Manhattan known as Morningside Heights. The rents ranged from seventy-five dollars a room upward. Not being a Simple in a Silk Suit, Winch doped it that the attractive Angeline could do more on forty dollars a week than Morgan could with half of Wall Street.

The dark cloud who ran the elevator slipped him the number of the apartment wanted. Wellington Winch polished his shoes on the back of his pants and rang the bell.

A little maid opened the door.

"We don't want any books," she stated.

The reporter swallowed.

"Or vacuum cleaners," the maid continued, "or sewing machines or subscriptions to magazines or life insurance or electric toasters or anything else Good day!"

"Good night!" Wellington Winch sighed as the door slammed in his face.

He rang the bell again. No answer. He rang the bell again. No answer. He rang the bell again.

This time the door flew open and he found himself looking into the luminous, cerulean eyes of the beautiful Angeline who looked like a million dollars with the income tax all paid.

"Listen, Nuisance," the chorus girl snarled, "if you ring that bell again I'll have the janitor, his two helpers, the elevator boy and the cop on the corner throw you out! Beggars ain't allowed in this building."

John Medbury tells us about the bride who loved her husband so much that she had him arrested to be sure she wouldn't lose him

DEEP SEA DEARIES



(c) Wide World

Alice Riggan and Lillian Stoddart, swimming champs, photographed in native costume, while wintering at Bermuda.

"I'm not a beggar," Winch protested, "I'm a regular reporter on the 'Morning Bun.' I'm here to get your life story for the Saturday magazine section."

The beauteous chorine smiled brilliantly.

"Oh, that's different. Come right in. Such lovely weather we're having, ain't it a fact?"

She ushered Wellington Winch into a living room that had probably been designed by the man who invented telephone booths. The reporter knew it was a room because it had a ceiling, floor and windows.

He sat down beside the fair Angeline on a couch and looked her over.

She wore some sort of a negligee, a lot of which was conspicuous by its absence. Evidently she had just finished a kip on the pad when he crashed in because under the negligee she was featuring a thin French nightie. She had two Japanese bath sandals on her pink, bare little feet and wore an Italian boudoir cap.

Wellington Winch hoped that they would be good friends and that he would see a lot of her. He sighed when she gave him the sunshine of her smile and felt like a fly in a delicatessen store.

"What nice eyes you have." Angeline gurgled.

Winch took out his notebook and pencil.

"How clean cut you are," the chorine murmured. "Oh, pardon me. I forgot you were here on business. What would you like to know about me?"

Wellington Winch fanned himself with the notebook.

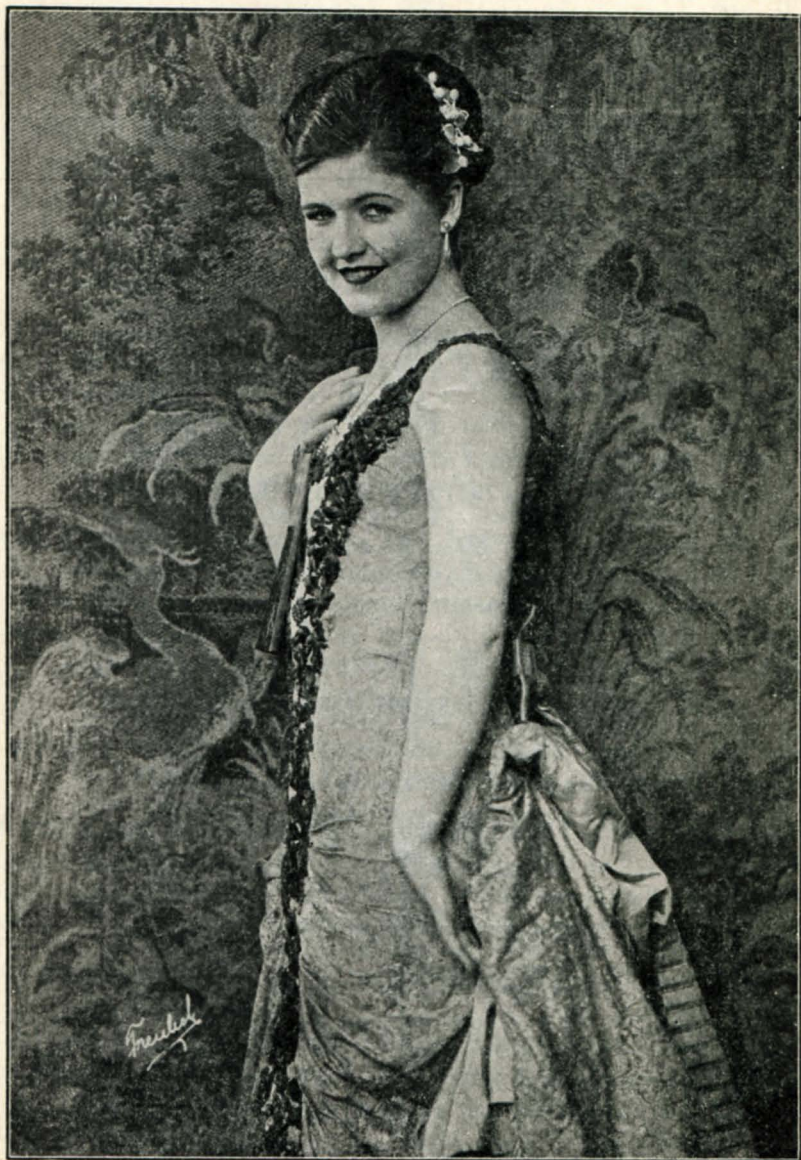
"Everything!" he replied promptly.

Two hours later he left the apartment with the first installment of her biography. Bright and late the next morn-

Cornelius Kraut: "Ma, the garbage man is here."

His Ma: "Tell him we don't want any."

LAURA LA PLANTE



Luscious Laura leads in Universal movies

ing he went back for a second helping and on the third morning returned for another dish of it.

“How about that chorus girl article?” the City Editor inquired on the fourth morning.

“I’m going up to the flat of the one I picked to get the punctuation straight,” Winch answered, reaching for his lid and flogger.

“What you got in that package?” the City Editor growled.

“A quart of furniture polish,” the reporter answered.

About twelve o’clock the same day, the alluring Angeline, snug and warm on Wellington’s lap, finished with the punctuation. The reporter put on his coat and tucked the stuffed notebook in his pocket. Then they split a couple of dozen kisses two ways and after he had verified her telephone number, listened to the call of duty and took the air.

As he walked toward the subway, Wellington Winch felt like a hoppy who had too much scammish on board. As he rambled along he presently grew conscious of what lovely weather it was—of the air—soft as someone’s breath; of the sky—blue as a certain pair of eyes; of the sun—bright as a red lipped smile; of the leafless trees—as bare. . .

He reached the office of the “Morning Bun” and took the article into the chief who paid the freight.

“Keen work!” the City Editor said, after he had glomed an eyeful of the dirt. “You’ve put a Shakespearian touch to it but you’ve forgotten to answer the question propounded by the title. Are chorus girls on the square?”

Wellington Winch blushed like a Dollar’s Worth of Tomato Soup.

“From observation, sir,” he declared, “I would say the title of the article is all wrong. From personal experience I would say that chorus girls are nearly always on the level. . .”

Call a woman a hen and she might lay for you.

1922 Blues

By Joseph P. Killian

We hear a lot today, of rot
Of this and that Reform.
Some even pay their coin away
To see these guys perform,
To see them rear and tear their hair
And howl and growl and moan.
For every sap of mournful map.
Has a Movement of his Own.

They canned our beer and gave us neat.
That stuff will be our death.
No foaming stein, no more red wine
To linger on our breath.
Good-bye dance-floor, forevermore.
You too, will be taboo;
No jazzing hip (your flask might slip).
The jail house then, for you.

Oh, cigarette, they'll get you yet.
We'll miss you when you go;
But all these mutts, who cry "No butts."
Will smoke some day, below.
There'll come a day, not far away.
When laughter will be sin.
They'll be hanging men and women then
For the wearin' of the grin.

When they put the skid, and clamp the lid
On all our joy and glee,
I wanna die, so hear my cry:
Nail down the lid on me.
And let me rest, far from the pest
Beneath the cold, cold ground.
I'm glad to go, for there are no
Reformers where I'm bound.

I Didn't Think Kraut Was That Good

Nothing is so low as a moke who goes around repeating family quarrels.

That's what our esteemed friend, the Reverend William Bulger, of Wyandotte County, told me the last time I ran an account in HOT DOG of the marital difficulties of my



playmate, August Kraut, of the Cleveland City Council, and his frau Katrina.

Just to show you what I think of our friend Bulger, I'll go right ahead and repeat a conversation I overheard between the councilmanic couple last Saturday night at Kraut's.

What do I care? I'm going to hell anyway. That's where the editor of HOT DOG and SECRETS belongs.

Little Ignatz, the Hot Dog Shipping Clerk, is so dumb he thinks a Gold Digger is a miner.

Here's the conversation:

Kraut: "You're a swell Piece of Cheese. Telling me I was broke when you married me. Let me tell you, my darling Katrina, when I married you all you had was a fat shape and a prayer-book."

Katrina: "Yes, you constipated Good-for-Noddings. And if you'd have paid half as much attention to the prayer book during the twenty years we've been married as you have to the figure, you'd be Pope of Rome by this time!"

Hot Dog Monthly Quotation

Whenever we find any considerable number of people seeking a given thing we may safely assume that they do so because it gives them pleasure—in other words, satisfies some natural hunger. When people do unpleasant things, it is primarily because not to do them would cause even greater pain.

Reforming their neighbors is a pleasure to some people, as rape or eating caviar is a pleasure to others. It satisfies a physical necessity with them, otherwise they would not be at such pains to run against the common drift of humanity

—Joel Rinaldo.

"Psychoanalysis of the Reformer"

"If Good people would only quit doing things to us for our own Good, what a Good World this would be."—Rupert Hughes.

A Glossary of Rare Remarks

By Callimachus Balzoff, The Hot Dog Genius

(Editor's Note: Genius Balzoff now gives this scholarly work to the world after 41 years of research.)

"I found this fifty dollar bill in the lobby of the hotel where you stopped. It must be yours."

* * * *

"I adore cold, rainy weather."

* * * *

"She loves you more than me. Take her."

* * * *

"I swear that I am lying to you."

* * * *

"This bill of mine must be wrong. It's entirely too small."

* * * *

"You are the ugliest woman I have ever seen."

* * * *

"I don't really love you. All I want is your money."

* * * *

"These bonds I am selling are absolutely worthless."

* * * *

"No, dear, I have not been with a sick friend. I have been drinking heavily in low dives all night."

* * * *

"I am seeking employment. I have absolutely no training whatsoever. I am lazy and detest all form of work."

* * * *

"No, sir I cannot accept anything in the nature of a tip."

* * * *

"The diagnosis of your case shows that you do not drink nearly enough synthetic gin. Moreover, you should smoke more and sleep hardly at all."

* * * *

"No, dear. Don't take a taxi. I'd much rather walk. It's only eighteen blocks."

* * * *

"No thanks. I never drink."

PATRICIA GREDIER



(c) Wide World

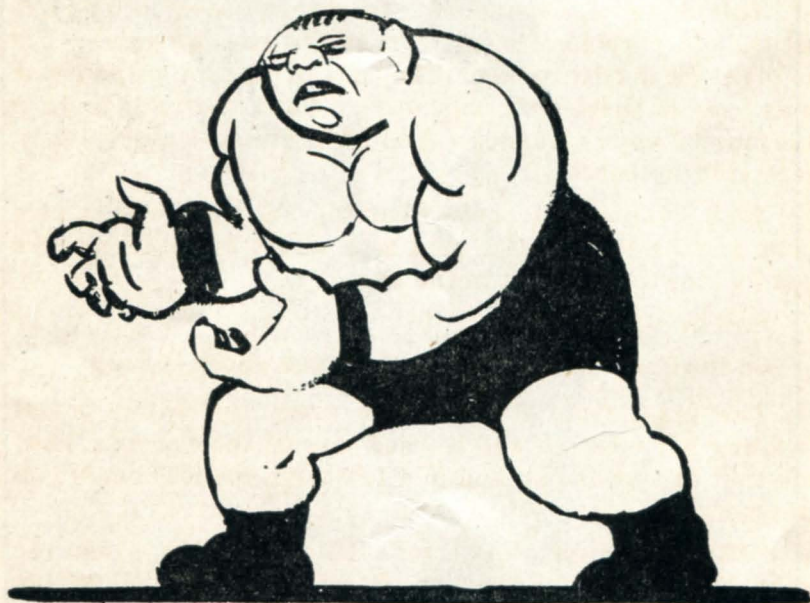
She supports Raymond Hitchcock in "Hitchy Koo 1922"—and Hitchcock gets paid for it.

Sport Spiel

By Jazbo DeVinney

Ivan Offalitch was a tall, loose-jointed gink when he came to this country on the whiffletrees of an ocean liner and landed in New York as an alien and hunted for a racket by which he could knock out for himself three squares a day and a place to plant his carcass at night.

Ivan came from Russia where they don't care any more for a ruble than you do for a burned match. But he had to dig up shekels to get the grub in New York.



He worked at a few odd jobs which were not so hard and laid himself in some jack and dug himself up some cakes every day. He took on a few pounds. In fact, he filled out until he was bigger than any motorman you ever saw and nobody ever bothered Ivan when he went down the street after dark.

Some men marry young Others leave town.

Everything was jake with Ivan and he was satisfied with his change in diet and that sort of thing. He was getting his feed, his snores and his jack and was taking on weight.

That is, everything was all jake until the rassling season opened in the Big Town of the Many Suckers.

Ivan, by now weighing about 300 pounds, was going up the avenue one night from his near-labors when a gink spied him and sized him up as the best thing outside of an elephant for the winter racket of rassling. The N'Yawk fish had been biting swell between the six day bike race and one thing and another.

This dude cops Ivan off. To Ivan he says: "You are just the old porpoise I want. I'm in the rassling game. I'm the big noise in that racket. The eggs in the mat hippodrome do as I say or there ain't no show. What I want you to do is to let me be your manager. And I'll make you champion or there ain't no bet."

Well, Ivan didn't know what the big bum was talking about and he looked as stupid as a smart bootlegger when he is looking a dry agent in the eye.

Still he said: "Yass."

So the Perfumed Suit of Clothes took ahold of Ivan

The giant from Russia knew some few things about wrestling but what he had learned was on the square. They took that all out of him and in a few days the billboards just screamed:

"Thursday night. At Goof's Square Garden. Ivan the Great, champion of Russia vs. Hangler Stewis. Wrestling match for the Championship of the World. Admission \$8."

So Ivan went on the mat with Hangler Stewis, the champion, a big bum from some farm or some freight car. Ivan should worry. He had the inside tipoff that he was to be

Marriage is a hangover from the intoxication of love.

Many a bride takes her husband's name in vain.

champion and get his meals for nothing and a place to hang his derby aside from his head.

And the thing came off.

For forty-eight minutes Ivan clawed away at Hangler. And for forty-eight minutes Hangler clawed back. They roller about like two hippopotamuses with 14,000 galoots at \$8 per geeking at them and giving them the hurrah.

Then the dude in the checkered suit and the perfume gives Ivan the office from the side lines. Hangler gets the office, too. And flop, like a fresh flapper turning down a stage Johnny, Ivan turned down Hangler for two shoulders and a hip.

'Twas ten minutes the next time, for the overgrown hairy stiffs were getting tired and lazy. And again Hangler took three points down.

There, then, you have the story of how Ivan Offalitch, the Russian giant, became heavyweight rassling champion of the world and of how 14,000 cuckoos let loose from eight smackers apiece to see the game worked.

Boys, oh boys, if you can't do anything else, get fat and go to New York and let some rassling promotor grab you off and he'll make you champion quicker than a cheating bar-keep can hide a half pint of good likker when a cop-per shows up.

**THERE'S NOTHING LIKE AN IDLE ROOMER TO
BREAK UP A HOME.**

Why is it, pray why is it
The answer please advance.
We pay for luster on our shoes
But curse it on our pants.

**THE HEIGHT OF STINGINESS
PICKING YOUR TEETH TO FEED THE GOLDFISH.**

Slenderella

**A Fairy Tale for Hot Dog Children—Slightly Jazzed Up
By Callimachus Balzoff, The Hot Dog Genius**

Slenderella was a Country Girl. She had lived in the same country all her life. She loved the country; there was so much free air in it, both Hot and Cold.

Her dear old mother, a middle aged woman of about twenty, had died in early childhood leaving Slenderella a vast fortune of thirty-two cents in trading stamps and a Confederate one dollar bill.

Her father was a Contractor. On being questioned as to her father's occupation, she shyly admitted that only two years before he had taken a contract to break rocks for the County.

She loved life, this simple maid. Her only duties were five family washings a day and all she could make on the side. Her only sorrows in life were the way her two older stepsisters razzed her. She didn't mind doing their monthly washings and hooking up their Gossards, but she didn't like to be razzed!

PART II

(The orchestra will please play something to denote happiness as: The Old Gray Mare, or How Dry Am I.)

It was now the 30th of February. Slenderella's thoughts were turned toward the grand ball the

Prince was giving the 32nd of the month.

Her stepsisters were invited and one was very angry because she washed her hair and couldn't find it. Her sweet bass voice rang in Slenderella's ears as follows:

"Slendie, did you wash my E. Z. P.'s? And here, this stocking has a hole in it. Come here, I say, and mend it."

Slenderella timidly obeyed.

A startle of surprise ejected from her swanlike throat when she looked at her sister's stocking.

"Of course there's a hole in it, but that's where your leg goes in," she quietly informed her.

This was the night of the ball and Slenderella was busy helping one of her stepsisters with her wooden leg.

Soon they were gone, and Slenderella sat all alone by the Arcola heater, toasting her toes without having to remove her shoes.

Suddenly a voice from somewhere commanded her attention:

"If you will do exactly as I say, I will arrange for you to go to the ball," it said.

"And who are you?" she asked.

"I am the Spirits your father drank while on earth," the voice replied

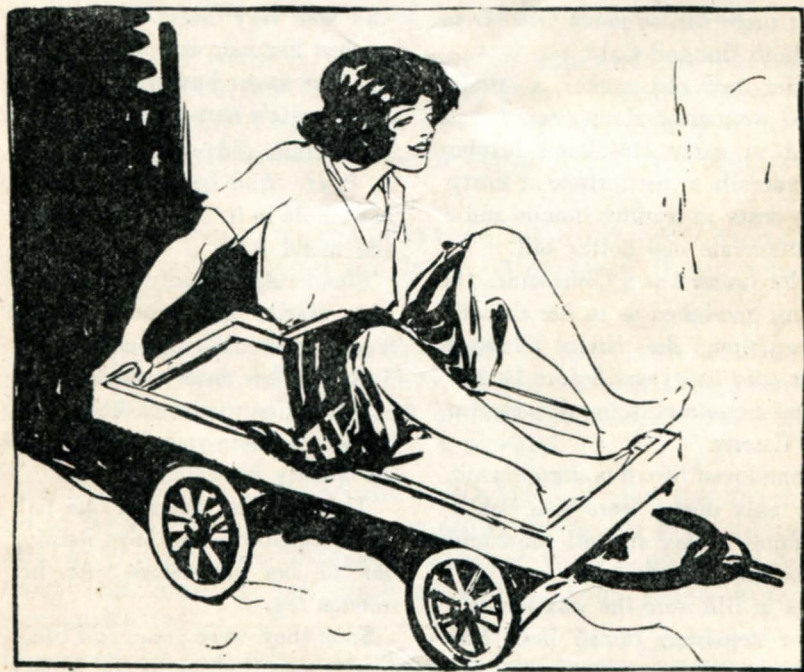
"And what must I do?" asked Slenderella.

"Only this. Get your coaster wagon and sit on it. Think strongly of some odor such as Cheese, Hair Tonic, or Smoked Herring. If your odor is strong enough, you will be transformed into a Beau

come, and she went and got the coaster wagon.

She sat on it in great expectation. What did she care for the Mocus? She would contract a bad case of eggs just to have a good time for one night.

Presently a strong wind began



tiful Movie Actress, sitting in a limousine journeying to the ball. But, remember, you cannot stay at the ball later than 1:20. ('Curses, thought Slenderella, 'and they eat at 1:30.') If you do, you will immediately contract a bad case of the Mocus."

"All right," answered our he-

to blow and Slenderella knew the wind was from the west. The stock yards were only a mile away. Then her head became dizzy and she closed her eyes.

How long she slept she never knew. Only when she awoke she was in front of the palace in a beautiful limousine. Three foot

men and one yardman were waiting for her to descend to usher her up to the palace.

"I don't know who I am but I sure am somebody," thought Slenderella.

When she entered the Duke of Parma rushed up to meet her. But he in turn was relieved by Prince

He gallantly took her arm and led her to a beautiful parlour. They were alone and the prince closed the door.

Then he took her in his arms and crushed her gently, roughly to his bosom.

"Oh! Life of my Light," he gal



Albert himself and Slenderella was glad because the Duke was an old bird anyway, and the prince was young and looked like a Live One.

"May I have your company for the evening?" asked the Prince, bowing clear to the floor.

"Certainly, certainly," answered Slenderella, drawing in her ears.

lantly said. "Oh tell me Fair One when we can wed?"

"Tonight," answered Slenderella loudly in a whisper.

Then the Prince detected Waltham, the butler, peeking thru the keyhole.

"Waltham, come in here," he demanded.

Waltham did.

"Waltham get out of here," he redemanded.

Waltham did.

"But why do you call him Waltham?" Slenderella asked.

"Because he has a slow movement that needs to be watched," explained the Prince.

Then they sat down on the davenport, and—and—and—and—

"Get up. Get up you lighthouse-d brunette. What do you mean

by lying in that wagon at six o'clock in the morning. Get up and help me with my coat!"

Slenderella opened her eyes. She was back in the Kitchen with her old clothes on. The palace was gone; so was the Prince. Even Waltham had stopped.

"Oh Hell!" said Slenderella, sitting up and yawning. "I must have stayed too long and got the Mocus." The End.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF HOT
DOG, Published monthly at Cleveland, Ohio, for October 1, 1922.
State of Ohio,
County of Cuyahoga

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles Rothman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Hot Dog and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Merit Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio; Editor, David J. Gordon, Cleveland, Ohio; Managing Editor, David J. Gordon, Cleveland, Ohio; Business Manager, Charles Rothman, Cleveland, Ohio.

That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Merit Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio; Charles Rothman, Cleveland, Ohio; David J. Gordon, Cleveland, Ohio.

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CHARLES ROTHMAN,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1922.

A. KOHRMAN
My commission expires Nov 22 1922

**A sock on the foot is
worth two in the jaw.**

A man who will boil potatoes and wash his neck in the same kettle, must be sore at the potatoes.
